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"PUT NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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CITY OF LANCASTER.

Thursday Morning, April 1, 1858

From the Ohio Farmer.

SOILS, MANURES.

No one can form any correct estimate of the capabilities of a given soil for the sustenance of a given population, without becoming acquainted with the philosophy of manures.

Fertilizing atoms are matter—and as such are indestructible. They may be drawn from the earth, and incorporated in a plant, and removed from their original location, and in the decomposition of the plant returned to the earth again. If they have been removed from the farm on which they were organized into plants, their removal impoverishes that, and enriches the soil on which they are consumed.

The soil, naturally, does not contain one part, in a thousand, of the atoms, in an available condition which nature requires in forming a plant. This is an important fact that every farmer should know—how small a number of atoms the soil contains available for the growth of plants, and the necessity, of courses, of husbanding them more economically. A change in this matter, or atoms, forms plants—a change in the plants form manure, or fertilizing atoms. By the decomposition of the plant, the fertilizing atoms are returned to the earth, to be again employed in producing another plant; and thus an endless cycle of production and decay is constantly going on. Not a particle of matter is created, and none lost.

Thus, an atom of potash that aids in organizing the elements of water and carbon into starch, in a kernel of corn, this year, may by the return of the elements of that kernel to the earth, in the form of manure, perform a similar function every season for a thousand years; and in all its changes and combinations, it remains an atom of potash, and will remain so as long as matter exists. If this kernel of corn is sold, and removed from the farm, the soil loses the atom of potash, and is that much poorer for the production of another crop of corn.

By attention to this fact, (that the atoms of fertilizing matter drawn from the earth, must be returned to it again,) the farmers of England have raised the average crop of wheat from sixteen to thirty-two bushels an acre. Where they have been removed by the sale of the crop, or lost by bad husbandry, they must be restored by guano, or other foreign substance.

Only one tenth of the dry, solid matter of a plant is drawn from the earth—the rest is drawn from the atmosphere. Manure enables a plant to draw more aliment from the atmosphere and the earth, than it could without such aid. This is the reason why clover, peas, and many other plants, are called *removing* crops. They do not create a plant in their own organization, sunlight, heat, water, atmospheric air, gases, and minerals. These rotting, or consumed as food, will restore to the land, not only what is drawn from it, but also gives it sunshine, heat, water, carbonic acid, and other gases drawn from the atmosphere.

In this way, ten bushels of corn, fed to fattening hogs, cattle, or sheep, if all the solid and liquid manure is saved, and added to the stalks and cobs on which it grew, will produce twenty bushels. But to do this, all the liquid, as well as the solid manure, must be saved, and judiciously applied.

It is on this principle, that one hundred pounds of bird-dung [guano] will produce three hundred pounds of wheat, and five hundred pounds of corn. Gypsum contains but about eighteen and a half per cent. of pure sulphur; but it enables the clover plant to extract twice that amount from the earth, by extending its roots into the subsoil.

The philosophy of manuring thus becomes an important branch of agricultural learning; and a farmer can feed ten times as many people on his farm, as he can off—as in the export of the food abroad, his loss the fertilizing atoms that were drawn from it in the growth of the plants.

On a larger scale: No State, or country, that exports largely the material for bread-stuffs and provisions, can long support its inhabitants, but must soon export them to the country it has enriched by the export of its fertilizing atoms in the shape of food. Thus Ireland, for ten years prior to 1846, exported more bushels of grain than all the United States. Her lands became exhausted—the potato was imperfect—the rot followed—famine ensued—and thousands perished with hunger.

Virginia, besides sending abroad the vital blood of her soil, in the tobacco leg, sends annually a million bushels of corn to Massachusetts. All the atoms of fertilizing matter, drawn from her soil by this corn, is thus sent out of the State, and lost to her farmers. If she fed this to hogs, and cattle, and exported the meat, the manure derived from the grain consumed would replenish her exhausted fields, and fit them for grain instead of broom-grass.

No nation so much neglects her soil as Americans. They seem to think that Nature will farm sixty or eighty bushels of corn, and thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, for nothing. The result is, Virginians, that are scarcely near enough to each other to make good neighbors, are obliged to abandon the soil that will not support them. If her population, to the square mile, was as great as that of Belgium, she would have twenty-two millions of inhabitants—a number about equal to that of the whole United States.

Massachusetts, with a population of only 126 to the square mile, is seeking a place in Central America in which to store them, and has to procure her food from the other States; while Belgium, with a population of 336 to the square mile, feeds them all, and exports large quantities of pork, mutton, butter, cheese, and some grain, and over 900,000 head of cattle, annually. This is done by her system of tillage and manuring. She exceeds all other nations in making and applying manures. The farmers pay \$10 a year for the liquid excretions of a single cow.

The more fat cattle, fat sheep and hogs a farmer keeps, if he saves the manure, the more grain he can raise—as they return in the manure, the fertilizing atoms taken from the earth—and thus become the manure of a Christian land. A broker who has gambled on a magnificent scale all the week, does not go to church to have his practical swindling analyzed and measured by the "New Testament spirit." A merchant whose last bale of smuggled goods was safely stored on Sunday night, and his brother merchant, who, on that same day swore a false invoice through the custom-house—they go to church to hear a sermon on faith or angels, or the resurrection! They have nothing invested in these subjects; they expect their minister to be bold and orthodox. But if he wants respectable merchants to pay ample penance let him not vulgarize the pulpit by introducing commercial questions. A rich Christian brother owns largely in distillery, and is clamorous against letting down the pulpit to the vulgarity of temperance sermons. Another man buys tax titles, and nces about all the week to see who can be slipped out of a neglected lot. A merchant that plies his craft with unscrupulous aplomb of every means that wins he too wants "doctrine" in the Sabbath, not those secular questions. Men wish two departments in life; the secular and religious. Between them a high wall and opaque is to be built. They wish to do what they please for six long days. Then stepping the other side of the wall, they wish the minister their fears, to comfort their consciences, and furnish them a clear ticket and assurance for heaven. By such shrewd management, our modern financiers are determined to show that a Christian can serve two masters, both God and Mammon at the same time.

Can anything be more beautiful than the following record of childhood's faith?
"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother of one who had not—her mother was dead.
"Mother told me to go to before she died," answered the little orphan; "I go to the Lord Jesus; he was mother's friend and he's mine."
"Jesus Christ is up in the sky; he is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in Heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you."
"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know he says he will, and that's enough for me."

A first rate joke took place lately in our court room. A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born."
The lawyer, who cross-examined her, said, "You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?"
"I do."
"What did he do the first year?"
"He milked!"
The lawyer evaporated.—Hartford Cou.

SIX THOUSAND PERSONS

AT A PRAYER MEETING.

If ever, since Paul traveled the road to Damascus, the direct voice of Heaven audibly called sinners to repentance, that voice may be heard at the Union Prayer Meeting now being held in Jayne's Hall in Chestnut street. Our reporter again visited the Hall on yesterday, and found that so far from diminishing, the interest is increasing; and that too, without any exciting, any razing or any of those boisterous demonstrations of passion or rejoicing which we sometimes find during revival seasons, among the illiterate and unenlightened.

Before going further, however, it may be news to a good many if we show how this prayer meeting was first organized.—It was originated by a young man, under twenty years of age, but a very Timothy in point of zeal for the service of his Divine Master. This youth was in New York at the time when the first "Business men's Prayer Meeting" was opened. He thought that, as good had resulted there, a similar movement in Philadelphia might also share God's blessing, and be instrumental in the conversion of many souls.

Having succeeded in interesting several other persons, they applied to the trustees of the Central Methodist Church, corner of Fourth and Arch streets, for the use of the meeting house. Their wish was cheerfully granted, and the meetings were conducted every day at noon, the attendance averaging only from twenty to thirty persons—never higher than thirty-six. The meeting was commenced on November 23d. The pastor of the church, feeling, perhaps, that he ought to have been consulted in the matter—a fact which the young men had overlooked—objected after a time to the further use of the church, when application was made to Dr. Jayne for the use of his spacious hall.—Dr. J., being a Christian man, complied instantly with the request, and on February 3d, the first meeting was there held. The congregation was the largest we have yet seen there, while the exercises were even more spiritual in their character than before. The audience comprised mainly business men, clerks and ladies. Many of the latter appeared to have stepped in from motives of curiosity, as they carried bundles—the probable results of a shopping tour. Yet in the whole vast audience we did not witness the smallest demonstration of levity or thoughtlessness after the brief but solemn opening prayer had been made.

The prayer closed, two verses of a hymn were sung to an old but familiar Methodist tune, such as we have not heard before since our childhood. The hymn was this:
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing stream,
Flow from thy side a healing stream,
Flow from thy side a healing stream.

The effect of this simple harmony, swelling from the uplifted voices of three thousand earnest people, was electrical, and utterly beggaried the metropolitans, and sent operative music that has so lamentably displaced congregational singing in many modern churches.

The leader then said that he wished it distinctly understood, that if there were any persons present who desired like blind Bartimeus to receive their sight, if they would signify it by holding up their hands they would be prayed for by the congregation. About twenty persons that we could see—responded by elevating their right hands. Several of these were ladies, two of whom our reporter saw giggling as they entered the hall just in advance of him. They had parcels in their hands at the time, and apparently came to the place "to laugh," although they remained to pray. The prayer that followed—we do not know who offered it—was a most fervent supplication: lifting up the penitents upon the arms of love and faith to meet the descending blessing. It was a prayer couched in language at once earnest and simple—just such language as a guilty man should use when addressing his Creator, and not the language of a prize essay or high sounding oration as we find many prayers.

The 21st hymn followed, beginning—
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful gleam of hope,
Or spark of glorious day.

Alternate prayer and exhortation following until one o'clock. As soon as a speaker had taken up the allotted five minutes, a bell was struck as a signal to cease, such being the rule of the meeting. At its close it was announced that if any person desired special instruction or counsel, any minister present would receive and converse with such persons in the area behind the platform. Some forty or fifty persons acted accordingly.

The Utah expedition foolery is again gain to the Administration just now. The N. Y. Times' Washington correspondent says:
There are some five millions of dollars worth of contracts in connection with the Utah campaign, which are being used as levers, as far as possible, to affect votes.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The twilight hour,
The daylight toll is done;
And the last rays of evening
Of the gold and starry sun.
It is the time when friendship
Holds converse far and free;
But my soul is faint and heavy
With a yearning and a deep—
By the bedside, near my mother,
I let me down and weep.
Whose clear and kind-like tones
Some other ear now hears,
Less anxious than my own?
Where are ye, steps of lightness,
Which fell like blossoms showered
Where are ye, sounds of laughter
That cheer the pleasant hours?
Where are ye, words of love,
Whom my wifely glance fall,
I can see your picture hanging
Against the silent wall.
That gleams as when the darkness
Would be banished by your eyes.
But mine are, my children—
No voice to mine replies.
Where are ye? Are ye sleeping
By the stranger's blazing hearth;
Forgotten, ye, my own?
Your old home's former mirth?
Are ye dancing? Are ye singing?
Or do your light hearts sudden
Remember memory's quest?
Round whom, Oh, gentle darlings,
Do your young arms fondly twine?
Do you still love me from mine?
Who hath taken you from mine?
Oh, boys, the twilight hour,
I recall the heavy time that grows,
It recalls with deep anguish
All I need to tell my own.
That the hardest word that ever
Was spoken to me there
Would be recalled, and a welcome—
In this depth of my despair!
Yet, no, dear heart, shall I not
White life and love remain;
Though the weary struggle haunt me,
And my prayer be made in vain,
Thought at times my spirit fall me,
And my heart be made in vain,
Though my lot be hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope through all!

SMALL TALK.—But of all expedients to make the heart lean, the brain gazy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle, which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meagre fare—how continued existence in such a famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there are, who will go on from fifteen to four-score, and never a hint on their tombstones, that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the best!

The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon "her bonnet!" The whole literature, through its thousand tramps of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they think, "It's high time if John intends to marry Sarah, for him to pop the question!" When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal and bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life. [E. P. Whipple.]

BITE OR BE DAMNED.—A writer in the Atlantic Monthly speaking of New England ministers, gives the following anecdote of Dr. Bellamy, which some of our preachers at the present day would do well to profit by:
"A young minister who had made himself conspicuous for a severe and denunciatory style of preaching, came to him one day to inquire why he did not have more success. 'Why man said the doctor, 'can't you take a lesson from the fisherman?' How do you go to work if you want to catch a trout? You get a little hook and a fine line, you bait it carefully, and throw it in as gently as possible, and then you sit and wait and humor your fish till you can get him ashore. Now you get a great cod hook and rope line, and thrash it into the water, and bawl out Bite or be damned!"

A LESSON FOR LAWYERS.—When Judge Henderson, of Texas, was first a candidate for office, he visited a Frontier county, in which he was, except by reputation, a stranger. Hearing that a trial for felony would take place in a few days, he determined to volunteer for the defense. The prisoner was charged with having stolen a pig; the defense was "not guilty." The volunteer counsel conducted the case with great ability. He confuted the witness, plaverged the court to make an able, eloquent, and successful argument. The prisoner was acquitted—he had not stolen the pig. The counsel received the enthusiastic applause of the audience. His innocent client availed himself of the earliest interval of the hurricane of congratulations to take his counsel aside.
"My dear sir," said he, "you have saved me, and I am very grateful. I have no money, do not expect me to have any, and do not expect ever to see you again; but to show that I appreciate your services, you shall have the pig!"

So saying, he drew from his pocket, and presented to the astonished attorney the very pig that the attorney had just shown he had never stolen, or had in his possession.

In his second card on Kansas affairs John Calhoun "regrets" that his party has been beaten in the 4th of January Kansas election, and gives a list of the members of the State Legislature elected according to the Leocompton schedule, allowing Free State men a majority. The chivalry is not said to be exasperated. Calhoun does not say to which party the State office elected belong. On this point he is still mum.

Two of the items by the latest foreign mail are, that a fire in Constantinople had destroyed three hundred houses, and that an earthquake had laid Corinth in ruins.

The Revival Increasing in New York.

The New York Evening Post of Monday has the following:

"The Revival is extending. In no less than fifteen churches in this city are noon prayers held on secular days, not to speak of Burton's old theatre, which is so crowded that negotiations are pending to obtain some larger building, like the Museum.—In Brooklyn and an increased number of churches will be opened for those who are concerned upon religious matters, and all the signs portend that the excitement has not reached its culmination. Legislative prayer meetings are held at the Court of Appeals daily in Albany; merchants and lawyers have prayer meetings, ladies have their up-town prayer-meetings, and there is some talk of a broker's prayer meeting at the Exchange, between the First and Second Boards.

One great auxiliary to the spread of the revival is the notice taken of it by the secular press. Column after column is devoted to the record of religious experiences, and Revival Intelligence is made as much "a feature" as a financial or political news. This is quite unprecedented, and shows the extended usefulness of the press of late years.

Certainly never was religious propaganda so thoroughly carried out. Printed hymns, tracts, placards, everywhere remind the inattentive of their duties. Girls and young men visit families by the block giving them tracts, urging them to repent offering them free seats in the neighboring church, and taking an inventory or spiritual census of the number and condition of the households. Altogether the revival may be pronounced the most striking phenomenon of the day.

John L. Robinson, of Indiana, an ex-member of Congress, present U. S. District Marshal, and a prominent applicant for the clerkship of the national house of Representatives, made a speech at a Democratic meeting in Nashville, Indiana lately in which he belabored the Douglas men most soundly, of which fact the following sentence is a specimen: I say let them go, and may God pardon their poor, contemptible, pusillanimous souls.

A worthy old citizen of Newport, who had the reputation of being the laziest man alive among "them lillooks"—so lazy, indeed that he used to weed his garden in a rocking chair, by rocking forward to take hold of the weed, and back to open it—had a peculiar way of his own; used to drive his old white faced mare to the spot where the tatoo (blackfish) might be depended on for any weight from two to twelve pounds—back his gig down to the water's side—put out his line and when the fish was fully hooked, start the old mare and pull him out.

A UNION SENTIMENT.—The following is the concluding paragraph of Senator Seward's speech in giving his vote of the army:
Sir, whatever may be the decision of this question, I am prepared to see the people of that region of country in which I reside still upholding the Union and I believe that they are of the same race, the same kindred, and the same education with the people of all other portions of this Union, and that the Union will survive not only all threats and all alarms, but all fears, and I will come out triumphantly. I believe it will come out a free nation in the highest and proudest sense of the term. I expect to see this Union stand until there shall not be the footprint of a slave impressed upon the soil that it protects, although that soil will be extended, for aught I know, from the North Pole to the Caribbean sea, as it has already extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

FUN should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Who ever knew a funny man to be a bad one? On the contrary it is not, nine times in ten, generous, humane and good? To be sure he is. Fun—in it is a great thing. It smooths the rough places of life, makes the disposition as sweet, as rosy as a fresh maiden's kiss, scatters sunshine and flowers where ever we go, gives the world a round joyous countenance, makes all the girls as pretty as June roses, and one of the best families out. We go in for fun. The man who won't cultivate it must keep a good sized rod between us.

THE REASON WHY.—The New Hampshire Patriot, the leading Buchanan paper at Concord, frankly confesses the cause of the recent overwhelming defeat of Democracy in that State, as follows. It contains a significant warning to its party in other States:
"The defeat of the Democracy is sufficiently overwhelming to satisfy our most bitter opponents. No one can fail to see the cause; all admit it. The Kansas question has again crushed us with its ponderous blind, unreasoning power. Before the Leocompton Constitution was brought before the country, our prospects for success were highly flattering; our triumph seemed to be certain; that matter, with the course of the administration upon it, fell like a wet blanket upon our courage and earnest zeal of our friends, and from that day we were doomed.

A Yankee lady pictures a good man as "one who is keeful of clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read a Bible 'thout spellin' the words, and kin eat a solid dinner on washdays to save the women folks from cookin'."

From the Wheeling Intelligencer.

CHARLEY DOANE.

Thou art great! Thy gentle spirit's dust:
Thou art numbered with the sacred dead:
Gone from those who loved thee, far away
To realms of happiness and eternal day.
Earth's feeble joys no more can cheer thee all,
Thine eyes and sorrow never more endure;
But with bright spirits in the world above,
Thou hast true happiness—true peace and love.
Thou'lt meet them art, yet we can but mourn
That thou hast left us in the hopeful hour
Of life, never more shall we listen to that voice,
Whose loving accents made our hearts rejoice.
The fairest flowers are those which first decay,
Earth's fairest sons are first to pass away;
The brightest and noblest minds find no sad doom;
The noblest spirits, they're carried to the tomb.
Boyhood's bright dreams are o'er; thou'lt cease to sleep
With those art happy, we can only weep:
Each day we see more sorrow, time more grief:
Sweet songs thou sing'st; care our time employ, T.

An Indian Wedding.

The Nebraska City News of the 31st inst. contains a long account of the marriage of a Pawnee chief to a blood royal squaw of the Ojibwa tribe. The bridegroom was named Whitewater, and the bride Wah-mah-shing-shing. We extract the following:
The chief's daughter was elegantly dressed in a red flannel shirt with deep blue border, a check apron, a summer-killed buffalo robe and a white felt hat. Her jewels were magnificent. From either arctic depended bright ornaments of brass, tin and copper.
We must not omit to mention that Miss Wah-mah-shing-shing also wore a "red petticoat," embroidered according to the fashion of her own, with porcupine quills representing a desperate dog fight. Her entire wardrobe and jewelry could not have cost less than six thousand dollars in Fionian money. The bridegroom was attired in all the magnificence which his rank and wealth demanded. He wore a standing shirt collar, a medal of President Pierce, a blue straight-collared soldiers coat, with brass buttons and an elegant pair of Spanish spurs, while his stalwart limbs were admirably clothed in an ancient coffee sack. Altogether the appearance of both the bride and the groom was appropriate to their high sphere in life.

The most sumptuous feast awaited the guests at the residence of the bride's father. It was spread in a camp kettle and suspended over the fire that burned in the centre of that princely lodge. It consisted of young dog meat, very tender, blue corn and old dog meat, beaver tails and mule-steak, fresh fish and sugar, making altogether, one of the most palatable and nourishing compounds that ever graced a royal camp-kettle. The horn spoons of accidental luxury seldom convey to the educated palate winds more tempting and delicious. As for drinks, corn whiskey, made of red pepper tobacco bugs and rain water, together with molasses-sweetened coffee made up the list.

We remember once of seeing a specimen of a sailor's letter, which ran as follows:
DEAR JACK—I want you to send me some extra pigtail tobacco, a tuppance hat and a pair of duck trousers. You must be sure and send the pigtail. If you forget everything else, don't forget the pigtail.—Send me lots of p'g tails.
Your friend,
Tom.
N. B.—Be sure to remember the pig-tail.
P. S.—Don't forget the pigtail.

A contemporary says: "There is a man in our county who always pays for his paper in advance. He has never had a sick day in his life—never had any corns or the toothache—his potatoes never rot—the weevil never eats his wheat—the frost never kills his corn and beans—his babies never cry in the night—and his wife never scolds, and always wears moderate size hoops." What a happy man!

There are six Southern Know Nothing votes in the House, says the Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, firm in their opposition to Leocompton. Pendleton and Burns, of Ohio, are in favor of amendments—after the manner of the Pugh's amendment, we presume. The Administration is despondent.

The two most precious things this side of the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of one and the weakest weapon of the other.

Senator Green, in his closing harangue on the Leocompton question, gave in a few words the essential creed of his party—that is "a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth."

Conner's does much, but encouragement does more—encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.

The New York papers inform us that the Five Points are being invaded by prayer meetings. If the Five Points are converted, the Devil's citadel will be taken care enough.

An Eastern editor heads his list of Births, Marriages and Deaths, thus: "Hatched, Matched and Dispatched."

Do try to talk a little common sense, said a young lady to her visitor. "Oh! but wouldn't that be taking an undue advantage of you?"

Bad for the head—One hickory club or four whisky punches.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

A Strange History.

Fiction has her marvelous herbes, but now and then some plain creature of every day fact surpasses them in romantic adventure.

In 1855 a young man was arrested at Cleveland on a charge of passing counterfeit money, and on evidence which many thought insufficient, was convicted and sentenced to the Penitentiary. He was brought to Columbus and incarcerated; but it was not long before he effected his escape and successfully eluded pursuit. He fled without daring to show himself to any one, until about thirty miles from the city when, spent and famished, he ventured to apply at a house rather remote from others for shelter and food. Both were promptly afforded him. The poor woman who dwelt there alone with her two children, was true to the generous instincts of her nature, and admitted to hearth and board—not the escaped convict, but the weary, hunted, hungry wretch, who claimed from her that boon.

"Which all the happy to the unhappy owe," He rested and refreshed himself, and when he again set forth upon his wanderings, she gave him a suit of citizen's clothes. Thus disguised, he traveled northward, until within a short distance of Cleveland, when he obtained work; and earned forty dollars, which he sent to the woman who had saved him. He then went to New York, engaged in business, and prospered. Still he remembered his benefactress, and recently she received from him three hundred dollars.

The truth, meanwhile, came to light. It became apparent that he was guiltless of the crime with which he had been charged and had suffered for a crime that he had never committed.

A petition signed by the Judge who had passed sentence upon him, the jury which had found him guilty, and sixty-six members of the Cuyahoga bar, and authenticated members of the Legislature from that county was sent to the Governor praying for the pardon of the escaped convict.

Here a difficulty arose. He could not be pardoned as long as he was not in the custody of the State. He was communicated with, and came to Columbus, within a few days past, and gave himself up to the Warden of the Penitentiary. He was once more placed in the prison, and the key turned upon him.

There his pardon was handed to him, and he came forth—no more guiltless than before—but certain in his liberty and the esteem of his fellow men. CHESAPE.

Major Brown's Coon Story.

"I was down on the creek this morning," said Bill Gates, "and I see any amount of coon tracks. I think they're about to be powerful plenty this season."
"Oh, yes," replied Tom Coker, "I never heard tell of the likes before. The whole woods is lined with 'em. If skins is in a good price this season, I'll be worth something in the spring, sure's you live, for I've just got one of the best coon dogs in all Illinois."

"You say you never heard tell of the like of the coon?" put in Major Brown, an old veteran who had been chewing his tobacco in silence for the last half hour.—"Why, you don't know anything 'bout 'em! If you'd a come forty years ago, like I did, you'd a thought coon! I jest tell you, boys, you couldn't go amiss for 'em. We hardly ever thought of pesterin' 'em much, for their skins weren't worth a darn with us—that is, we couldn't get enough for 'm to pay for the skinnin'."

"I recollect one day I went out a bea huntin'." Wal, arter I'd lumbered about a good while, I got kinder tired, and so I leanned up again a big tree to rest. I hadn't more'n learned up afore something give me one of the all freest nips, about about the seat of my breeches I ever got in my life. I jumped about a rod, and lit a runnin', and kept on runnin' for over a hundred yards; when think, sez I, its no use runnin', and I'm snake bit, but runnin' won't do enny good, so I jest stop, and proceeded to examine the wound. I soon fester it was no snake bite, for ther a blood-blistar pinched on me about 6 inches long.

"Think sez I, that rather gets me!—What in the very deuce could it be?—Arter thinkin' about it a while, I concluded to go back, and look for the critter, just for curiosity of the thing. I went to the tree and poked the weeds and stuff all about; but darned the thing could I see—Purty soon I sees the tree has a little split runnin' along up it, and so I gitted lookin' in' at that. Directly I sees the critter open; about half an inch, and then shut up agin; then open and shut, and open and shut, tight along as regular as a clock a tickin'."

"Think, sez I, what in all creation can this mean? I knowed I'd got pinched in the split tree, but what in thunder was makin' it do it? At first, I felt orfally scared, and thought it must be something dreadful; and then agin I thought it mount's. Now I thought about hants and ghosts, and about a runnin' toms and sayin' 'nothin' about it, and then I thought it couldn't be any on 'em, for I'd never heard tell of their pesterin' a feller right in open daylight. At last the true blood of my ancestors rize up in my veins, and told me I had be very cowardly to go home and get hid, out what it was; so I lumbered for my axe, and swore I'd find out all about it, or blow up. When I got back, I let into it like blazes, a dumpy soon it um down and smashed into splinters—and what do you think? Why, it was jammed smack full of coons from top to bottom. Yes, sez they; they's rammed in so close that every time they breathed they made the split open."